

Safety III

by Jadzia

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Safety III

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Disclaimer: I keep nagging them...they'll give in sooner or later
hehe

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Author's Notes: Well, Mulder's POV this time. I was unsure about this, but Aries managed to change my mind...quite cheerfully *g*

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I can still feel his touch. His fingers burning on my cheek.

I don't get it.

I mean, what was that all about?

I swear, he was sitting there, just looking at me. Looking at me.
With these eyes full of - I don't know what.

I hate Krycek.

The bastard killed my father.

He might not have been like a father should be, but he was my father, dammit.

And Scully's sister, although he always said he didn't do it.

Son of a bitch.

Hadn't seen him for quite a long time. Although sometimes I feel like he's somewhere near me. I just get this feeling - you know, that one others call paranoia, I think it's perceptiveness - well, it feels like I just have to turn or reach out a hand, sometimes I think I can *smell* his jacket right beside me.

But he's never there.

Yesterday he was.

I can see him, I think he was crying.

I hate it when he does something like that.

Something that shows me he's human.

Like his eyes.

They are - hunted. Lonely. Sad. Hurt.

Like a little lost kid that wants to go home. Desperately go home.

Must be hard, to be always on the run.

No friends, no family, no constant relationships at all.

Ha, maybe I should volunteer for the job. Ideal for Spooky Mulder. I bet paranoia's in the jobdescription, too.

I'm afraid of the similarities, sometimes.

Then I'm happy when his eyes get cold and emotionless again, so I can beat the shit out of him.

So the fear can subside.

The fear that I could be like him.

The question of what made him into what he's now. I don't think you become like this by accident.

He must have suffered.

Probably he's still suffering, his eyes show.

Oh yes, Mulder, fucking great.

Pity your nemesis.

Your greatest enemy.

I don't know what it is about him.

I mean, I wouldn't be that angry if it was anybody else.

He killed my father, right. But I knew my father, and a great part of me was indescribably happy that he wouldn't be able to hurt me again.

No, it's not that.

I could become like him.

So easily.

We're so similar, sometimes, when he looks at me, for a glimpse of an eye I know exactly what he's thinking. I wonder if he can read me as well.

If he can, I don't know why he doesn't destroy me.

And if we're so alike - the problem is, can I judge him that easily, then?

I'd have to judge me the same way.

Oh, man.

He drives me crazy.

Couldn't sleep at all last night.

Can't think of anything else.

Sometimes...he's beautiful, you know?

The thing with his arm doesn't matter, nothing can take it away. Nothing.

He doesn't know it, at least he doesn't act like he knows.

It's the beauty of a wild animal, waiting for the one who is patient enough to tame it and take it home.

Oh god, look at me. Talking like some lovesick teenager about Alex fucking Krycek.

Just great.

But...if it took so little to make him into what he is, what would it take to undo it?

Something equally small?

Maybe someone he can trust, he can come to when he needs to.

A home.

I could need one, too.

You're fucking lonely, face it, Spooky.

I manage to drive everyone away, lose every single person that cares for me.

Trust me.

Except Krycek, he keeps coming back.

That's a good one.

Now that I think about it , he could've killed me so many times - and didn't.

I don't know what to make out of all of this crap.

Or maybe I just don't *want* to know.

We could change each other.

I'm sure.

We could be better together than we're alone.

I should try to find him.

I want to see this look in his eyes again, and then I'll know what he's looking for.

Maybe hope.

Maybe a home.

Maybe me.

***** THE END ***** by Jadzia, 30.12.98

End
file.